

THE FULL DINNER-PAIL.

"Looksh like I wash n't goin' t' get in thish time!"



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,  
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.  
995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK  
No. 1853. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1912.  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months  
Payable in advance.

## Cartoons and Comments

WHERE  
INNOCENCE  
IS BLISS.

WE have it on the best Biblical authority that no man can touch pitch and escape defilement, but that a man may be in practical politics for thirty years and yet have no suspicion of the way campaign funds are raised has lately been demonstrated. Colonel ROOSEVELT's ignorance of the source of the Republican fund in 1904 is nothing short of amazing. Only recently did he learn that some of the money which defrayed the expenses of his election that year came from quarters which it is not now proper to mention in the best "Progressive" society. In other words, the Trusts gave up. They lined the Republican coffers in impressive style. Judge PARKER said they did at the time, and Colonel ROOSEVELT intimated, in characteristic style, that he was a liar; but lately, at the expiration of eight years, the Colonel is obliged to admit that perhaps a little trust money *did* work its way into the Republican dough-bag unobserved by him. The Colonel, it seems, was an innocent bystander, wholly unsuspecting of the way in which Presidential campaigns were financed. This is the remarkable thing. This is the thing that stands out in the whole dark business like an explosion of flashlight powder. THEODORE ROOSEVELT was a member of the New York Legislature at Albany in the early 'eighties. One would think that there, of all places, amid surroundings so notoriously "practical," the future Rough Rider would at least have got an inkling of the way campaigns were run. And then again, when he ran for Mayor of New York City, although he himself did nothing of doubtful propriety, one would imagine that from Tammany Hall, his opponent, the young reformer would have acquired some slight knowledge at

least of the ways of "practical" politics. But no. It was not to be. Neither did his experience in the Governor's chair, with BOSS PLATT as his mentor, though by no means his master, render him suspicious, and he swung into the campaign of 1900, a candidate for Vice-President, with a mind absolutely unspoiled and a belief that campaign-funds, Republican campaign-funds in particular, came in small sums from the populace, which gave to the com-

mittee as the widow gave her mite. Not even the Presidency, and his relations with any number of intensely "practical" men, could shake his faith or sow the seeds of doubt. Trusts did *not* finance the Republican campaigns, and anyone who said they did was a liar. Now, when the inside facts come tumbling out, one is not disposed to attach any blame to the Colonel. One simply marvels at his simplicity and his guilelessness. In Republican politics for thirty years, and he never knew who put up the money!



THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1892.

MISS DEMOCRACY.—I really believe it is going to bloom again!

THE Bull Moose quotes Governor

WILSON to prove that both the old political parties are hopeless, and that therefore the country's sole salvation lies in a Third Party. Not necessarily. When Governor WILSON took hold of things in New Jersey he was of the opinion then that both of the old parties were in a pretty bad way, but he demonstrated very shortly—and to the grave displeasure of certain Jersey "Democrats"—that it was n't necessary to tear loose from a party in order to purge and cleanse it. Governor WILSON rehabilitated the Democracy of New Jersey by deeds rather than by words, and we have it on Colonel ROOSEVELT's authority that "words are good when backed up by deeds, and only so."

TRUE is the saying that it never rains but it pours. Also, that troubles never come singly. One would think that, with a healthy split in its political midst, the Republican Party had trouble enough in the campaign of 1912 without harking back to the campaigns of 1904 and 1908 and dragging out more. Unlike mankind in the abstract, the Republican Party wants more than a little here below.



WORTH A TRIAL.



OUR Uncle Samuel is too delightfully inconsistent, and withal a too-discriminating respecter of persons, for his own welfare.

Does a carrier of the mails ever lose a one-cent postage-stamp, the deficiency must absolutely be made good at the carrier's expense before the accounts are closed for the day. Does a high official, through inefficient administration, lose to Uncle Samuel multiplied thousands of dollars yearly, Uncle Samuel sits back and twiddles his thumbs indifferently.

Does a clerk in the postal service violate some small regulation dictated by a department head, straightway a certain number of points, corresponding to the gravity of the delinquency, are placed against him. Does the head of the Department, let us say, deliberately refuse to enforce against the marauding express companies statutes that are now upon the books by enactment of Congress, Uncle Samuel has nothing to say,—nothing to say.

Does some misguided low-brow take it upon himself to make a canceled stamp again do service, woe betide that man! The gates of a Federal prison yawn for him. Does a corporation exact a triple or quadruple rate for carrying mail-matter, Uncle Samuel closes his eyes and yawns wearily.

Does some artist of pen and burin essay to counterfeit a stamp of whatsoever denomination, let him be assured that the man with the nickel star on his breast hovers in the background. Does a corporation delegate to itself Uncle Samuel's privilege to carry all mailable matter within certain prescribed limits of weight, Uncle Samuel pulls his hat over his eyes and seemingly dozes off.

Does some poor squatter dam a brook, the rangers get after him; but a rich monopoly may divert the very head-waters thereof.

This is not justice. We demand equal opportunity to all. Give the men at the bottom a chance. It is just possible that, if carrier, clerk, user of canceled stamps, and counterfeiter were each allowed to go on his way unmolested for a time, then, when Uncle Samuel's attention was called to the matter later on, he would declare that the practice had been of long standing and should not be disturbed; that they had a vested right in it; and that to take from them these privileges would be to work hardship upon their wives and children.

Some will doubtless say that the thing could not be done, but let us give the plan a trial, at least. It might, by allowing to everyone unrestricted scope for individual initiative and action, with the added incentive of personal gain, prove to be one of the "only ways" by means of which we shall be able to stop this foreign political ferment that is working in our midst.

Louis Schneider.



IRRELEVANT.

THE HUSBAND.—If I should die, will you ever marry again?  
HIS WIFE (an actress).—What will your dying have to do with it, dearest?



THE ONE SURE WAY.

IF HOTEL PAGES, PORTERS, AND COAT-ROOM BOYS ANNOY YOU WITH THEIR ATTENTIONS, TRY THIS.

A FREE COLLECTION-AGENCY.

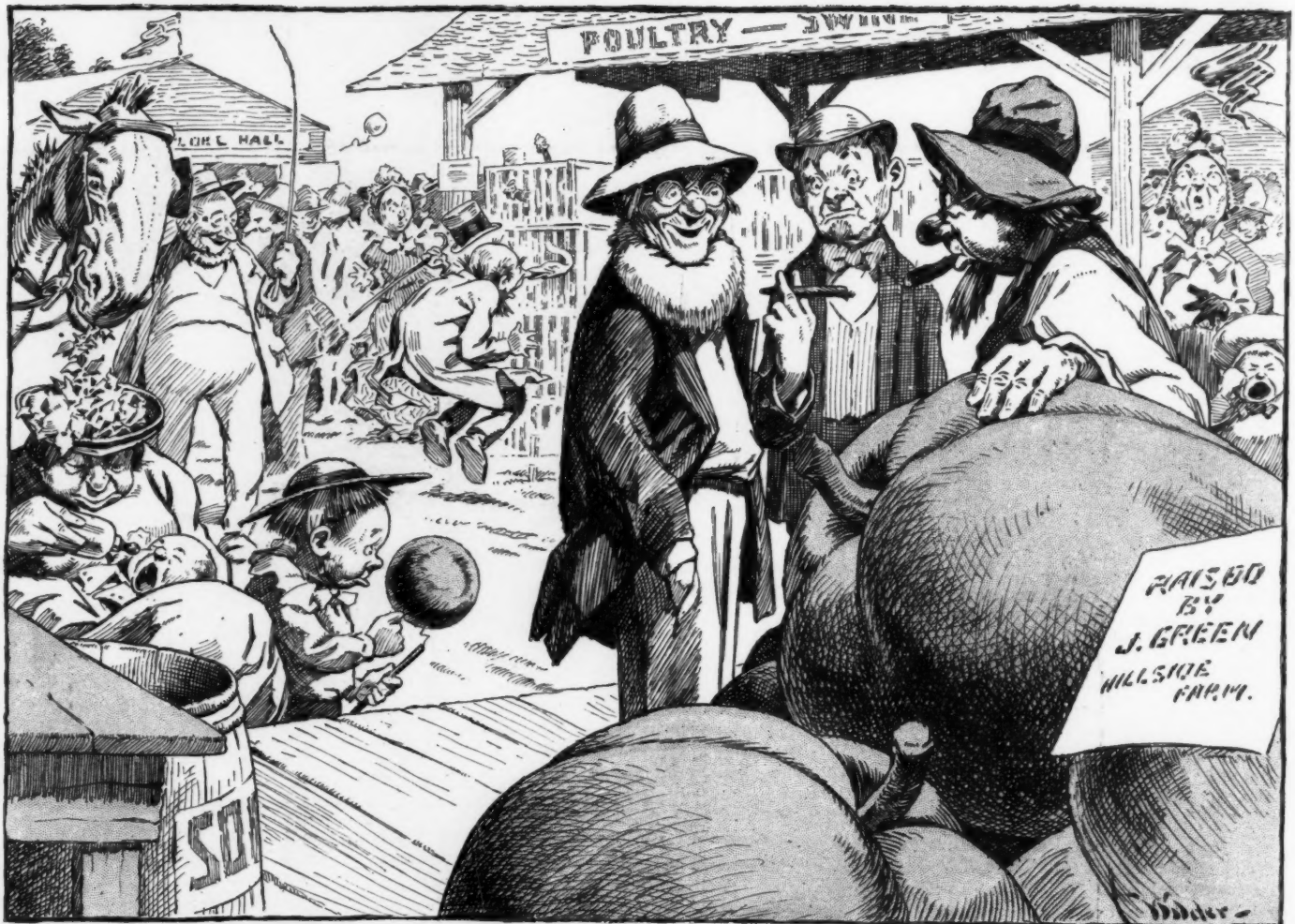
IT WAS once upon a time considered good taste to retain family quarrels within doors; to keep the skeletons in the closets well articulated, to be sure, but only for the inspection of favored guest-friends. But these are the days when the public prints are spattered with family stews. Young men sue their grandfathers for alienation of affections, men their wives for non-support; minors want to litigate with their guardians over their chewing-gum allowance; the courts are jammed with domestic troubles that, fifty years ago, could have easily been settled by fisticuffs, tears, and a God-bless-you or two.

Which is preliminary to reflections on the fact that a member of the Tuxedo Park colony (very exclusive family, y' understand) has just withdrawn a \$30,000 suit against his mother. He had charged her with fraud in keeping from him a trust fund under the will of his grandfather. Nothing very exciting about that? No; but ponder this:

"The stipulation withdrawing the action recited that the mother had paid her son all the income due on the trust fund, and that he had withdrawn his charges against her." Which, in plain English, means that the son most unfilially and unchivalrously collected his bill through the courts; that the courts were used as a collection-agency.

Now, if a son wishes to go to law against his mother, he has a perfect right so to do; but if he wishes to frighten a few dollars away from her he ought to adopt the less public and no less filial method of menacing her person with a blackjack. The courts are crowded with cases, most of them frivolous and unnecessary. The larger part of them are, humorously enough, classed as equity cases; and these stand in the way of worthy criminals who have earned a right to taste the pleasures of jurisprudence. What advantage is there in committing murder or burglary if one is to have only an equivalent standing in the courts with young men who say their mothers owe them some small change?





"BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN."

JASON (*exhibitor Alfalfa County Fair*).—Some punkins, eh, Ezry?  
EZRY.—Oh, medium! I wuz a-goin' to show some o' mine, but the danged nired hands said they wuz n't no safe-movers!

IN "MOURNFUL NUMBERS."



NE 1ders at the 40tude  
By 1 poor youth displayed;  
Waom 4tune's cruel 4ce pursued—  
He 4feited a maid!

They 'd met beside a 7bush;  
The hour was rather 18;  
His 10der words raised many a blush;  
Be9ly then smiled F8!

But when F8 smiles be9, beware!  
'T is 10 2 1 her plan  
Is 2 call 4th those dogs of war  
She 6 upon a man!

Those dogs rushed 4th—4 dog read bull—  
The maiden, where was she?  
With 10der care 4 her quite full  
The lover climbed a tree.

He clung there with 10acity;  
His every nerve was 10ce;  
Prepared 2 catch the maid was he,  
And hold her in suspense.

Alas 4 him! The maid mistook  
What his int0tions were—  
As 4 the bull, his head he shook  
And tossed her otherwhere!

You won't believe the ½ 5 told,  
Although you 0 2 try,  
In deference to the maxim old  
That figures do not lie!

Geo. B. Morewood.

ABOU BEN ADHEM asked to be written up as one who loved his fellow men. "I never tell anyone what a good time I have in the summer," he boasted.

BLOCKING IT.

COLLEGE SON.—This is my room, Pop. Cost \$2,000 for this furniture. Probably seems steep to you.

FATHER.—No; but when you get hard up along about the middle of the term, don't sell the stuff to the junkman for fifty dollars. Send it home and I'll give you a hundred for it.

WISE.

TEACHER.—Why don't you tell us all what two times two is? Don't you know?

WILLIE (*the policeman's son*).—Sure, but I ain't going to commit myself. I'll tell all at the proper time.



JUST ONE DAMNED THING AFTER ANOTHER.

"Man wants but little here below," and some people are even satisfied with themselves.



BRINGING HOME THE BACON.



EARLY one beautiful summer morning, John P. Jones walked down a country road. Over his shoulder he carried a keen-edged axe. In one hand he carried a tobacco-box. In the tobacco-box was John P. Jones's luncheon. In his hip-pocket was a quart bottle of coffee.

In the trees the birds were singing. In the fields the bees were humming. The air was redolent with the scent of white clover. The singing of the birds made no particular impression upon John P. Jones. If he heard the hum of the bees his face showed no surprise or pleasure. And as far as the odor of the white clover was concerned, it might, so far as John P. Jones was concerned, have been skunk-cabbage.

John P. Jones was going to chop wood. He was going to fell certain trees. The larger limbs he would split with a wedge. He would chop them, as near as he could, in four-foot lengths. When he had a pile eight feet long by four feet high he knew it was a cord. One cord of wood—one dollar for John P. Jones.

The wood-chopper put his tin box under a tree, buried the bottle under cool moss, and went to work. He ran his thumb cautiously along the axe-blade. Then he stopped in front of a tall white birch. Having noticed the "lean" of it, so that he could "fall" it the right way, he swung the axe and buried it deep in the butt. He swung the axe a second time and took out a big chip. The axe continued its rise and fall. The chips came out clean and large. Soon the tree groaned and shivered. One more blow—it swayed, swayed, and came crashing down.

John P. Jones did not consider, at this point, that he had taken the life of a beautiful tree. He did not cogitate concerning the years it had taken to grow that tree; to mold its shapely trunk, establish its curious and interesting root-system, and gather from the soil the various elements which were, by the sun and rain, transmuted into sap and wood and bark. He chopped off the limbs, hewed it all into four-foot lengths, split the larger ones, and piled them neatly on an even piece of ground. Then he attacked a smooth, towering beech-tree.

A bee came buzzing around the head of John P. Jones. He did not pause to consider the wonderful life of a honey-bee; the strange democracy that exists in a honey-bee's hive; the exquisite metamorphosis of clover-nectar into honey, of pollen into bee-food and wax; the intricacy of Nature's laws and regulations. He did not consider these things. He stopped a moment to swing his large hand and drive the bee away from his head. Then he went right on chopping wood.

A squirrel came hopping along through the underbrush and sat on an old stump and whisked its tail in curiosity and fear. John P. Jones saw the squirrel. He did not pause, however, to consider the lithe beauty of that little body, the manner in which Nature had fitted it to lead a certain life, to protect itself from enemies, to hoard its food against a long and barren winter, and to extract the meat from the tough nut-shell with its powerful jaws and sharp teeth. Neither did John P. Jones ruminate on the fanciful and interesting etymology of the word squirrel—from two

Greek words meaning "shadow" and "tail"—the little rodent that sits in the shadow of its own tail. No. J. P. J. did not even shy a stone at the squirrel to see it run. He was busy. He was chopping wood.

When he had chopped until the sun was about a-top the world, J. P. Jones threw down the axe, squatted under the tree where he had left his tobacco-box, and ate his food. Afterward he rested at full length on the cool ground. Soon he jumped up and went chopping



SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE.

It was a sylvan spot, indeed, where John P. Jones was at work. If you, reader, had been there, you might have closed your eyes and seen a faun or a dryad or a fairy come out of the shady glen beyond. John P. Jones saw no fauns, dryads, or fairies. He had never seen a fairy. He did not believe in fairies. He was chopping wood.

When the sun was getting low, John P. Jones "knocked off." He looked at his woodpiles. There were two cords and nearly a half a cord besides. Two dollars and, say, thirty-five cents. Mighty good chopping, too. Then John P. Jones went home.

He ate supper ravenously. He kissed the two children before they went upstairs. Then he fell asleep, from sheer fatigue, in his chair. A little later he woke up, asked the time, and went to bed.

Now, John P. Jones, you will say, lacked imagination. Yes, he certainly did.

You will say: "He might have stopped just a minute to admire the squirrel, to muse on the life of the bee, to imagine a fairy skipping through the glen."

But if John P. Jones had done all the things which, as a man of imagination, he might have done, how many cords of wood do you think John would have chopped?

"Well," you say, "let him chop less wood and think more thoughts."

Yes, perhaps that would be better. But the man who hired John pays a dollar a cord, and not one cent for thoughts.

"But cannot John chop wood and see fairies at the same time?"

Well, suppose you try it and see whether it can be done. You had better take a surgeon with you, however. What's the answer? I don't

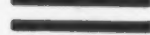
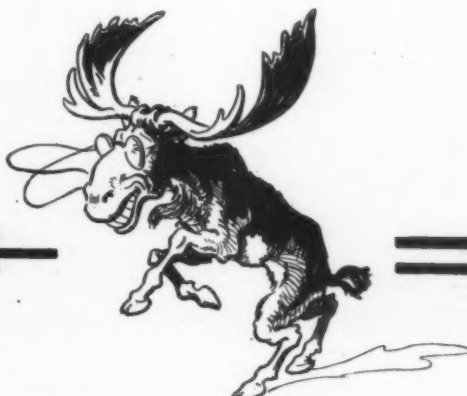
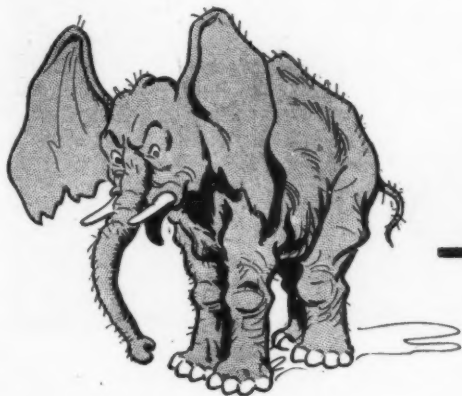
know. I'm sorry John P. did n't see a fairy. I'm sorry the marvelous scheme of nature is a closed book to him. But wood must be chopped and somebody must chop wood. Some may see fairies; some must bring home the bacon; and the fact that you and I sometimes prefer fairies to bacon makes it all the more imperative that John P. must cultivate a closer acquaintance with bacon than with fairies.

Freeman Tilden.



A DESERVING CASE.

TAILOR-BIRD.—Poor fellow! I'll do what I can to make him look respectable. I presume his wife is a Suffragette.



POLITICAL MATHEMATICS.



THE ELOPEMENT.

"AND SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD N'T NO MORE IDEA O' MARRYIN' THAT FELLER THAN SHE HAD O' FLYIN'!"



*When Tweedledee  
Met Tweedledum.*

Down at the office, later that morning, he was looking over a statement showing the business Smith had brought in during the half-year. The figures showed a steady falling off, month by

And to-day Smith is wondering just what, at that moment, went through the old man's mind.

### Freight Rates and Logic.

The Road thereupon gave notice that its Freight-rates would be Doubled. The State, having made the Valuation itself, could n't do a thing.



RESTAURANT PATRON (*caustically*).—I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam.

It isn't just right, of course, but how are you going to keep it from happening? *Franklin.*

WATCHING THE SKATERS  
FOUR WAYS OF LOOKING  
AT IT.

WELL WHAT! THEY DO NEXT!

SUPPOSE THEY WORE THESE UP AT VAN CORTLAND!

THE LITTLE BLACK BAG HOLDS HER SKATING-COSTUME

JUST AS EASY!

'CHICKEN!'

THE ONLY PROPER GET UP TO GO SKATING IN!

NEED OVERTON WALKER DOING "SALOME"

A LIFE SAVER

W.D. HILL '12

A fur neckpiece, a muff, a picture-hat, and a union-suit,—that's the very latest fashion hint in the skating line. We refer to the ice-skating, of course. Maybe next winter the bunch who frequent the skating-rinks will be attired likewise. If they do we'll all be on hand.

*W. E. Hill.*

W. E. Hill.



THE PUCK PRESS

"AFTER YOU, T



UCK



TER YOU, TEDDY!"

# PUCK

## MR. COMMUTER'S NEIGHBORS.



RS. SUBURB.—Oh, Mr. Commuter, I have been waiting for you to come by. Would you be willing to do a little errand for me in the city? Thanks. I knew that you would. One nice thing about Commutersville is that the neighbors are all so obliging in regard to doing little errands for each other in the city. Mr. Suburb, you know, is away, and I have no one else to send by, so I wondered if you would call at Smith and Brown's and get a little package they will have for me? I will telephone in and they will have it all ready. I'll ask them to have it ready for you at the Small Wares counter, and if it isn't there of course they can tell you where to find it. So grateful to you.

MRS. COUNTRYLOVER.—Oh, Mr. Commuter, here I am again asking you to do a little errand for me in the city. I would n't trouble you but none of us are going in to-day, and I really must have several things for a dressmaker who is coming to work for me to-morrow. I'll 'phone in for what I want, and then give you a list of the things, and any of the floorwalkers at Green and Whyte's will tell you where to find them. It will be such a kindness. I often wonder what we would do here in Commutersville if the neighbors were not all so ready to do little favors. So good of you to be willing to do it.

MRS. CITYHAYTER.—Here I am "laying" for you again, as the small boy would say, Mr. Commuter. But then it is a whole week since I troubled you, and I would n't do it now, but my husband is away on his vacation and so I have to depend on the neighbors to get me little things in the city. So nice to have such good neighbors. But, dear me, what would life be worth if one could not do little kindnesses now and then? I was reading the other day that life was, after all, made up of little deeds of kindness and all— But what I wanted to ask was if you would be so good as to stop at Gray and Greene's on your way up-town and leave this note. I would like to have you hand it directly to Mr. Softly, who is at the head of the draperies department, for it is quite urgent that he should get it as soon as possible before he begins on some work I am having done in his department. The draperies department is on the twelfth or thirteenth floor, I forget which, but then the elevator-man can tell you. So kind of you to— But I must n't detain you for I know that it is almost time for your train. Thank you so much.

MR. GALL.—Hello, there! Say! Say! Wait a minute, Commuter! Want to speak to you. Meant to watch for you, but I got reading the

paper and almost let you go clear by without seeing you. I'm going to take a day off and am not going to the city to-day, and I wonder if you'd be willing to stop at my office and leave these papers and a letter or two? I carelessly brought them home with me in my grip last night, and the boys in the office really ought to have them. It would be a great accommodation if you'd go around by my office on your way up-town and leave them, and ask the boys to give you any mail for me that may have come in for me this morning. Do as much for you some day and— But I must n't keep you, for I know that Joe Mileage is waiting for you around the corner. Wants you to do a little errand for him in the city. He and I are going fishing to-day. Don't know what in time we'd do out here if the neighbors were n't so ready to do a little turn for each other now and then. There's Mrs. Garden beckoning to you from across the street. She probably wants you to do a little errand for her in the city. Better sprint along. It's only three minutes until the 7:40 is due, and you are six blocks from the station.

Max Merryman.

## BULLS.

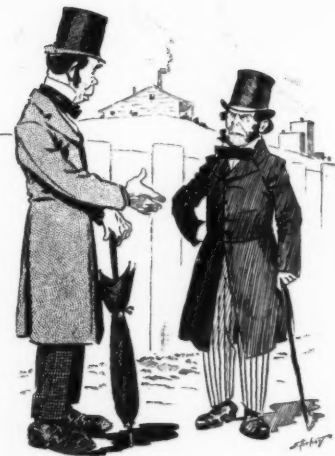
THE "Bull Moose" Party owes its fame To words that Teddy spoke; The "Bull Frog" is the better name— It's surely bound to croak.



## THE OUTCAST.

### PROCEDURE.

MRS. KNICKER.—This book tells what to do before the doctor comes. KNICKER.—And my check-book tells what to do after he comes.



## AND THEN IT BEGAN.

RAFFERTY.—Sure, Kelly, but I'm glad to see yez. I thought ye were dead. I heard siv'ral payple shpakin' well av yez!

## HIS DETERMINATION—A FABLE.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Strict Sabatarian and Perennial Pest, whose only Joy was in making other People uncomfortable, and who had, in pursuance of his Favorite Pastime of regulating Everybody but Himself, succeeded in clamping down the Lid so tightly on his Native Village that even such Amusements as Checkers, Mumblety-peg, whittling out Wooden Chains, and smoothing up Walking-sticks with Emery Paper could no longer be indulged in with Safety; and still he was not Content. "I shall never Rest," he declared, puffing out his Pomposity like a Poisoned Pup, "until I secure the passage of a Law prohibiting Airships from crossing over the County on the First Day of the Week, commonly called Sunday!"

Moral.—From this we should Learn that there is such a Thing as being Immorally Moral, and that the average Reformer beats the Band at being his own Press-agent.

Tom P. Morgan.

## ANEC DOTAL.

MENELAUS was king of ancient Laconia, and being such, he deemed it only his duty to be as laconic as possible, so, in a manner of speaking, to set the pace for his people.

Now, his wife was none other than the beautiful Helen, and, of course, the day came at last when she

wanted a new hat. Could she have it?

"No!" replied Menelaus.

"Just because 'no' is a letter shorter than 'yes'!" protested Helen, and burst into tears, and at the first chance ran away with Paris.

It takes time to make a classic, but it takes class, too.

**A** live issue is an issue which has sunk into the public mind. **A** dead issue is an issue which has sunk for the third time.



# YET THEY WANT TO VOTE.

THEY stood outside the busy shop,  
And gazed at things displayed:  
At hats and gowns and lingerie,  
For widow, wife, and maid.  
"A pretty thing," he said at last,  
And pointed at a hat.  
"A pretty thing!" she quick returned,  
Why, no one's wearing that!"

He remained discreetly silent,  
Till he saw a tailored suit.  
"There!" he cried, "is a corker;  
That's what I call a beaut!"  
She turned on him a glance of scorn,  
A glance that crushed him flat;  
And the verdict that she uttered was:  
They all are wearing that!"

Maurice Browman Phipps.



## A SLIDING SCALE.

CITY SPORTSMAN.—What do you charge for your services?  
WOODSMAN.—Ez a guide or ez a deer?

## BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.

"You say this is worth five dollars," said the wary customer. "Now, do you guarantee that I'm getting five dollars' worth of value for my money?"  
"Five dollars' worth of value!" flashed the bright young clerk. "Why, Mister, for every one of them things we turn out there's four middlemen, seventy-eight drummers, five banks, two railroad pools, eighteen advertising agencies, seven lawyers, and eight hundred and forty-two billboards all running up expense-accounts and adding value to that there article so fast that the comp'ny's practically giving you the thirty-four cents spent on patent royalties, shop upkeep, raw material, and labor."



## RANK CARELESSNESS.

WOMAN PASSENGER.—Conductor, why is the train standing here so long? A hot-box? It's funny you never discover these things before the train starts!



## LIGHT ON A BURNING QUESTION

MRS.—"Jim, that's the first time you've smiled for a month."

MR.—"Yep! Can't help it. Got some Prince Albert joy-smoke tobacco to-day for my old jimmy pipe. Won't burn my tongue. Gee, it's got a great taste! Comes in 5c toppy red bags and 10c tidy red tins."

MRS.—"If it tastes as good as it smells, you're a lucky dog?"

MR.—"I got wise to P. A. through Bill Smith smoking it in cigarettes. He says it's the bulliest tobacco in flavor and freshness that he ever did roll up. And Bill knows because he tried 'em all. P. A.'s the only one for him—and for me!"

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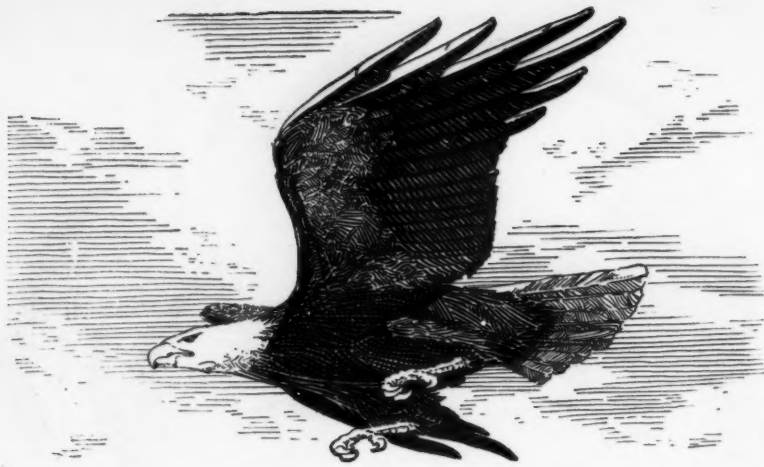
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in St. Louis*

**Anheuser-Busch Brewery  
St. Louis, Mo.**

SUCCESS.



"My lotion has nicely stopped your hair falling out! Instead of coming out by the handful, here is just 'one' in the comb."—*Le Rive*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

WHEN VISITORS CAME.

"Mother," asked the little one, on the occasion of a number of guests being present at dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"—*Sacred Heart Review*.

## A WILLING PANHANDLER.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was accosted one day by a drunken panhandler, who asked for a dime. The Archbishop gave him the dime and said: "My friend, don't you think it would be possible for you to walk in the straight and narrow path?"

The panhandler straightened up. "Who? Me?" he asked. "Show it to me. I used to be a tight-rope walker."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"KNOWIN' when to quit is a mighty good thing," said Uncle Eben, "but knowin' when not to start somethin' is still better."—*Washington Star*.

THEY are calling Indiana "the Mother of Vice-Presidents," and she has to grin and bear it.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

# Pears'

Pears' Soap has never offered premiums to induce sales. It is, in itself, a prize for the complexion.

Established in 1789.



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HARPER  
WHISKEY**

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GRANDFATHER  
USED  
STILL THE BEST.

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of bottling

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Original  
Package.

A taste that  
you can recognize and a  
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"But he's an absolute infidel!" she insisted.

"That makes no difference," said I.

"Doesn't it, indeed?" she cried, triumphantly. "Well, you are a fine lawyer, I must say. Here's the laws of Ohio, and they say that infidelity, if proved, is a ground for divorce!" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

He rose to speak, and as he rose  
No man earth was prouder;  
But those who listened only heard  
One oft-repeated, hateful word—  
Or so he thought it — "LOUDER!"  
— *Chicago Record-Herald*

### AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

"My mother's awful generous," said the New Boy. "She knows I hate to take my cod-liver oil, so she gives me a nickel every time I take it."

"How often do you take it?" queried the Other Boy.

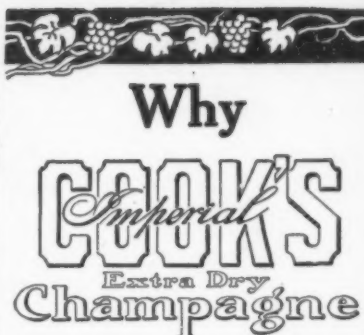
"Three times a day."

"Gee!" sighed the other in hopeless envy at such wealth. "Fifteen cents a day! How do you ever spend it all?"

"I don't. She takes care of it for me. And when there are enough nickels to make a dollar she—"

"Hands it over to you?"

"No. She buys me another one-dollar bottle of cod-liver oil." — *Young's Magazine*.



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COBWIGGER. — He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him. — *Lippincott's Magazine*.

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THE LEOPARD.—Geewhillikens!



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NATIVE.—For the land's sake!



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OPERATOR.—You boobs! Why can't you be careful! Here you've spoilt that whole reel of films!

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American.*

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—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did you ever tell that  
young man that late hours were  
bad for one?" asked the father  
at the breakfast-table.

"Well, father," replied the  
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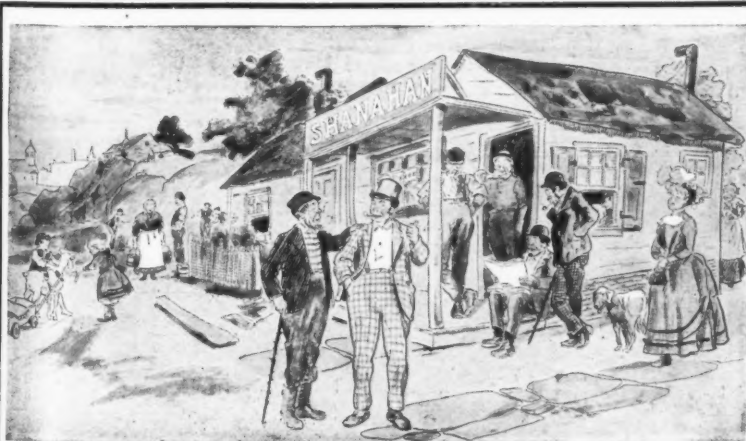
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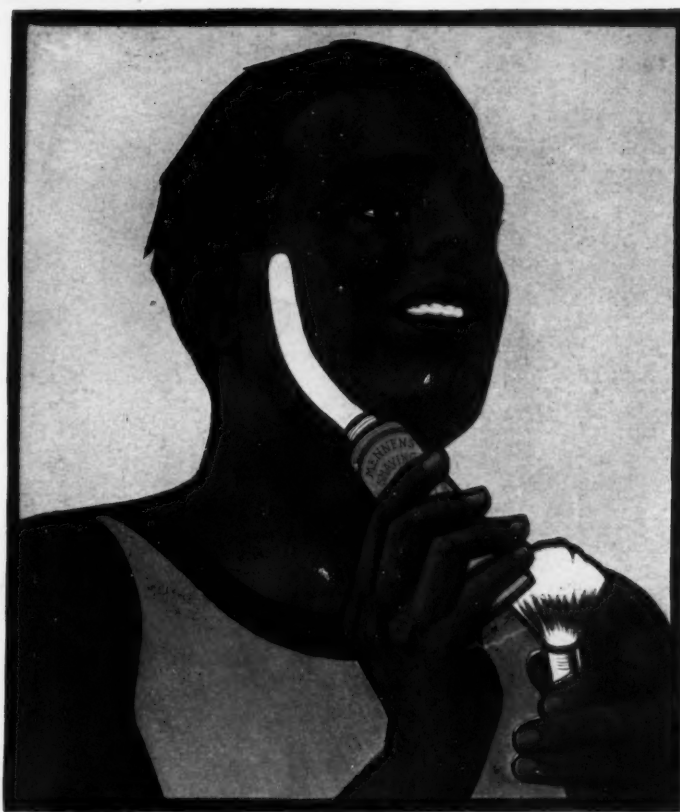
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